

A Christmas to Remember

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Summary: Thriller--- Lucky and Elizabeth spend a terror filled night at Port Charles High School.

A Christmas to Remember

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A Christmas to Remember

1 â€™ First Blood

The lights flickered, then dimmed dramatically as Elizabeth Webber made her slow way through the halls of Port Charles High. She inhaled deeply, then sprinted across the remainder of the now dim hall. Even as she slowed and walked, relieved, into the adjoining cafeteria, her heart raced and pounded inside her chest.

"Elizabeth!" Elizabeth's eyes flew to Lucky Spencer, who sat in wait at the other end of the room. "What took you so long?" he asked, mocking anger.

"What do you care?" Elizabeth shot back, and sank into a chair at the table. "I wonder what's going in with the lights," she mused aloud.

"It's just the storm," Lucky assured her.

Elizabeth, unconvinced, squirmed nervously in her seat. "Tell me again why we came to school on Christmas Eve," she said testily.

"It's a surprise," Lucky replied mysteriously.

"Lucky, we've been here for half an hour and I haven't seen anything remotely resembling a surprise."

"Well, if you hadn't taken half of the time in the

bathroomâ€| "

"Excuse me! I had to go all right! What do you want me to do? Piss all over myself?"

"You don't have to get nasty on me," Lucky said with a laugh, then stood. "I have to go," he said, leaning over to place a soft kiss on Elizabeth's forehead. "I'll be right back."

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Elizabeth grabbed his arm, her eyes wide. "I don't want you to go!" she cried. "Lucky, please, don't go out there by yourself."

"I'm just going out into the hall for a minute," Lucky protested. "I have to get to Mr. Murty's room for the surprise."

"Murty's room?"

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"That's where I hid it."

"Exactly when did you hide this?" Elizabeth asked, then shook her head. "Wait, stop trying to distract me. I don't want you going out there alone. The lights keep flickering. And I don't think it has anything to do with the storm," she added when she saw Lucky's mouth open for a response.

"Elizabethâ€| "

"Have you seen any lightning?" Elizabeth asked pointedly.

"No, butâ€| "

"Heard any thunder?" Lucky shook his head in response. "That's what I thought. Look, Lucky, I'm just a little freaked. I'm not really worried about myself for once. I just don't want anything to happen to you."

"Ah, that's so sweet."

"Lucky, come on, I'm serious!" Elizabeth cried, jumping to her feet. "Justâ€| let me go with you."

"That'll just spoil it," Lucky insisted.

"Then I'll stand outside. Justâ€| humor me. Please?"

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Lucky stared into his girlfriend's eyes for a moment, then, realizing she was serious, sighed in resignation. "All right," he said slowly. "I guess you can come. But you have to promise me you'll close your eyes and stand outside the door the whole time I'm in the room."

"I promise," Elizabeth said, and playfully punched Lucky's shoulder.

Laughing, the two left the cafeteria and hurried out into the hall. "You're right," Lucky said softly as they walked. "It is sort of creepy in here. Did this happen while you were in the bathroom?"

"No, they dimmed while I was walking through."

"Ooh, spooky."

"Lucky!"

"I'm sorry. Come on, at this rate, we'll be here all night." They quickened their pace, hurrying across the dim hallway. As they turned the hall to head toward Murty's room, the lights flickered once, then a second time, then dimmed and flickered out. "Damn," Lucky muttered.

"Well, there go the lights," Elizabeth said in disgust. "How are we supposed to see anything?"

"I'll take care of that." Elizabeth smiled slightly as a faint light appeared in front of Lucky, illuminating his pale face. "You can never be too prepared," Lucky whispered, grinning.

"Lucky, you know, you're the only person I know who carries matches around in their pocket."

"Lots of people do."

"Like who?" Elizabeth asked doubtfully.

"Smokers." Lucky winced as Elizabeth punched his arm. "Ouch," he cried, rubbing his arm. "That's twice that you've hit me now. I'm going to get a bruise thanks to you, Miss Webber. I should file a girlfriend abuse charge."

"Oh, sure, and be the laughing stock of Port Charles."

Lucky extinguished the burning match in his hand, then quickly lit another. "Got a little close to the finger there," he explained. "I've got to find the fuse box," he said after the briefest of pauses. "We've got to get the lights back on."

"You think there's something wrong with a fuse?" Elizabeth asked incredulously.

"It's got to be," Lucky said. "Unless the storm knocked out some lines. But that doesn't seem likely. The school's got to be connected locally, and there hasn't been any lightning around here. We can attest to that."

"Okay," Elizabeth conceded, but she sounded unsure. "Be careful!" she called as Lucky left her alone in the dark. She listened carefully to the steady fall of his feet down the hall, then slid slowly to the floor as the sound failed to reach her ears.

She wasn't sure how much time had passed when the lights came back on. It seemed an eternity to her, sitting with her back against the wall in the pitch black, eerily silent hallway, but she was sure it could not have been more than a few minutes, since Lucky still hadn't returned from his search for the fuse box. Blinking to shield her sensitive eyes, Elizabeth stood and peered down the silent hall. To her disappointment, she saw nothing. She was still alone. Only now, thankfully, she was alone with the lights on. After a long moment,

she found the strength to take a tentative step forward. "Lucky!" she called.

The only response was the echo of her own voice in the long, almost painfully bright hallway. She called out again, forcing her voice to rise in volume. Again, she was greeted with silence. She was almost sure at this point that Lucky had found the basement or gone outside. She could not imagine him being unable to hear him in the silent school. Clenching her fists, and combining her concern for Lucky with her dreadful fear of being alone, Elizabeth was able to summon up the courage to journey down the corridor.

As she stepped forward, she imagined footfalls echoing her own. Twice she turned, whirling on her high-heeled shoes, but neither time had there been anything behind her to account for the sound. Closing her eyes, Elizabeth dismissed the sounds as figments of her terrified imagination. She forced her feet to pick up speed and she hurried down the hall, determined to find her boyfriend, or get out, or both.

As she rounded the next corner, she got her wish. "Lucky!" she nearly sobbed, collapsing in relief in his waiting arms.

"Elizabeth?" Lucky asked, concerned. "What's wrong?"

"I was so scared," Elizabeth whispered. She pulled away after a long moment, and peered into Lucky's blue eyes. "Did you turn the lights back on?" she asked quietly.

"Noâ€¦I thought you might have."

"How would I?" Elizabeth asked. "I was waiting for you."

Lucky shook his head, then stared at Elizabeth. Realization hit both of them like a ton of bricks. "If you didn't turn on the lights, and neither did I thenâ€¦"

"Someone else did," Elizabeth finished. She and Lucky turned together, ready to face whatever adversary lay in wait. As her eyes caught the glint of metal in the intruder's hand, Elizabeth's eyes widened in shock and terror, and she opened her mouth, letting out a blood-curdling scream. Grabbing Lucky's sweaty hand in her own, she started down the hall at break-neck speed, disregarding her heels as her feet pounded the cold linoleum.

Lucky stumbled along after, glancing over his shoulder. "Oh god," he said. "That'sâ€¦"

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"I know!" Elizabeth screamed, tugging Lucky's arm frantically. "Hurry up! You don't want to get us both killed do you?"

"Did you see that?"

> "Yes, I saw it, Lucky!" Elizabeth shouted. "That's why we're running! Come on, we can hide in here!"<p>

They ran into the classroom, and Elizabeth slammed the door behind them. "We made it," she said breathlessly. Lucky made no response,

but slid into a chair near the door. Elizabeth watched him silently for a moment, then crossed the room and grabbed the phone. She thanked God silently that they had run into a classroom with a phone, and prepared to dial.

The phone was dead. Cursing quietly, Elizabeth hurried back over to Lucky, who sat in the same slumped position that she had left him in. "Lucky, the line is dead. It probably went out with the lights." Lucky only stared back blankly. "Lucky, come on!" Elizabeth shouted, then covered her mouth, glancing toward the door anxiously. "This isn't going to work," she whispered, leaning on closer to her friend. "I'm going to need your help here if we're going to make it out of this alive, Lucky."

Lucky was clearly not going to be cooperative. He continued to stare blankly ahead, and it was becoming evident that he was not aware of Elizabeth or anything that she said to him.

Groaning, Elizabeth pulled away from him and went to the door. She stood with her eyes at level with the bottom of the single glass pane, and stared down the hall outside. The hall appeared empty again, but Elizabeth would not dare go out without the advantage of daylight on her side. Instead she turned and sank slowly to the ground. Closing her eyes, Elizabeth prepared herself for a long, restless night inside the school with her would-be murderer.

Hours later, she came awake with a start. She looked around anxiously, expecting to see silver metal descending swiftly on her. Nothing was in front of her, of course. Lucky was still in his seat a few feet away, his head resting on her arms. He was asleep, Elizabeth realized with relief. He had been wide awake when she fell asleep hours ago, and she was afraid he still would be when she awoke again.

Coming slowly to her feet, Elizabeth surveyed the room briefly and found everything to be in perfect order. Apparently no attack had been attempted in the night. "Lucky," she whispered, gently shaking her boyfriend awake. "Lucky, come on, wake up sweetie." Lucky did so, but slowly. He regarded Elizabeth with blank eyes, and sat up, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. He was somewhat better than the night before, but did not seem to have regained much of his senses. "Lucky—" Elizabeth said slowly, but the boy was as unresponsive as before.

A small groan escaped Elizabeth's mouth, and she turned her attention once again to the door. She took a deep breath before heading over to the door, her heart thundering inside her chest. As she stooped to glance through the window, she felt a chill run down her spine. She glanced over her shoulder at Lucky and saw him staring, eyes wide, past her at the door and its small window. Frowning, Elizabeth looked back at the window. Her eyes fell on the source of Lucky's terror. Screaming, she stumbled back against a desk, banging the back of her knee painfully.

She stepped back frantically, watching in horror as the windowpane shattered, sending out a spray of sharp glass. It fell to the floor not a foot in front of her, and hit the linoleum with an almost lulling sound. Elizabeth stared at the glass for a moment, as an idea worked its way slowly into her terrified mind. She was shaken out of her reverie by a new sound.

Glancing up, Elizabeth saw a hand, covered in blood, toying with the lock of the door. Howling with uncontrollable terror, Elizabeth hurled herself at the door, and caught the intruding hand in a vice grip. She pulled the hand up, then sank her teeth deep into the tender flesh of the palm.

Enraged, her attacker stepped back, howling in pain. Elizabeth watched, tears streaming down her face, as the attacker turned and ran down the hall, the task at hand forgotten.

"Lucky, come on," she said, hurrying over to Lucky. Lucky looked up at her, his eyes full of terror.

"I can't," he whispered. "Oh god, Elizabeth, I can't!"

"You can!" Elizabeth shouted, tugging frantically at the boy's arm. "We have to get out of here! She's running!"

"She's going to kill us! The scalpel, the blood! She already killed someone last night!"

"I know Lucky, I know!" Elizabeth shouted. "Get up now! We have to get out of here, or we're going to be next!"

It shouldn't have surprised her. Elizabeth had seen enough horror movies to know the plots of half of them by heart, and yet still the killer's next move did not fail to surprise her. She screamed as the window behind her shattered. The scream gained strength as she was pulled through the window frame by her assailant. Even as the scalpel scratched the surface of her chin, then cut swiftly into her neck, she screamed. The cold metal cut deeper into the tender flesh, and, as her boyfriend watched in absolute horror, Elizabeth stopped screaming.

Her body fell limply to the ground outside, a bloody contrast to the sheer white of the snow blanketing the foliage and ground. The killer's eyes lifted to meet Lucky's. Lucky shuffled back quickly, his breath coming in quick gasps. He stared at the bloody weapon in the killer's hand, and his blood froze. Elizabeth's blood covered the slick surface of the weapon, and if he didn't act quickly, his would be joining it.

Shouting in agony and terror, Lucky unlocked the door to the hallway, then hurled it open. He ran blindly through the halls of the school, shouting his terror the entire way. At last he reached the front entrance of the school. He threw open the door, and ran out into the cold.

His feet threatened to slip as he bounded down the steps toward the parking lot, but he ignored them and hurried across the parking lot. Only after he had reached the safety of his car did he risk a glance back. The killer walked slowly, but surely, toward him, a maniacal grin stretched across her face. Lucky frantically pulled at the door handle, willing the door to open on its own. The door was not willing to comply. Lucky pulled harder at the handle, tears flooding his vision as he remembered setting the keys down on the cafeteria table the night before.

Leaning against the car in defeat, Lucky risked one last look over

his shoulder. Sobbing, he watched the scalpel make its quick descent and felt the cruel slice as it connected with his neck. His strangled cries died as the killer stabbed again, then again, and one last time before her victim slumped, his neck ravaged, to the soft snow.

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Straightening slowly, the killer dipped into her pockets for the boy's car keys, then crossed to the other side of the car. She hastily left the parking lot, the tires squealing loudly in the still silence of the morning. She turned the volume dial on the radio and sang along heartily with the lyrics as she started the search for her next victims.

2 " Detective Work

"Man, you got to see this," Taggart said, leaning forward to inspect the damage.

"What is it?" Garcia asked, coming around the side of the car.

"We got another victim."

"Besides the girl?" Garcia asked, astounded. "I thought Liz Webber was the only victim."

"Apparently not. Take a look at this. The killer really did a job on the Spencer kid's throat."

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Garcia's heart leapt into his throat. He walked the last few remaining steps to Taggart's side and looked down. His breath caught in his throat. "Oh, geez," he muttered, turning away.

Taggart chuckled. "Would it be completely heartless to say he had it coming?" he asked.

"Not only heartless," Garcia retorted. "But cruel and vicious and petty. You know, Marcus, sometimes I wonder what the hell's wrong with you. We've got a double murder here and all you can think about is who someone was working for!"

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"Hey! He worked for a mobster, Alex. Are you saying I ought to give the kid some credit for that? His own parents got to where they couldn't stand the sight of him." Another soft chuckle emerged from the thin line between his pursed lips. "Maybe we should congratulate him!" the killer. He certainly did us a favor. This here is our ticket to locking up Morgan."

"You're an ass."

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"So I've been told. Come on, let's clean up this mess."

Garcia watched as Taggart ran off in another direction, in search of the paramedics. He waited until the other detective was out of sight, then knelt gently beside Lucky's still form. Carefully avoiding contact with the corpse, he leaned over to reach into the small bag Taggart had left in the snow to his right.

He couldn't help but gag as he dipped his right hand into the medium-sized black bag. Snow from the wound in Lucky's neck splattered the snow and the side of the car beside him. The wind and cold of the previous night had turned the blood to ice and now it hung in precariously thin icicles from beneath the driver's side door. Shaking his head, the detective removed a pair of latex gloves from the bag and slipped them over his numb fingers.

Garcia coughed once before gently turning the gray face to face his own. As his eyes fell on the boy's still countenance, Garcia let out a surprised yelp and attempted to back away from the frozen corpse. He had little success, but ended up instead on his bottom in the snow. Coughing more fiercely now, the detective pushed himself up again to a kneeling position. His eyes remained stubbornly glued to the ghastly sight before him.

"Oh godâ€¦"

Lucky's eyes were open, the pupils enlarged to nearly engulf the pale blue irises. They seemed to be boring straight into Garcia's soul. He shuffled slightly backward, appalled by the boy's appearance. Something about the light blue circling the black sent a chill down his spine. Closing his eyes, he felt the world tilt slightly around him as a shudder rocked his broad shoulders.

"Garcia? Is everything okay?"

Garcia looked up, startled, to see Mac Scorpio looking down at him in concern. "Yeah, boss, just felt a goose walk over my grave."

Mac nodded solemnly, his eyes drifting unconsciously to the dead boy on the ground. His face registered shock. "Lucky Spencer? The second victim was Lucky Spencer?" His voice betrayed his dismay. "My god, that was the last person I wanted it to be."

Garcia's attention focused again on Lucky's still form. "Yeah, I'm still reeling."

"I can see that. Why don't you take a break, Garcia? The guys and I can handle it from here."

"You know, Mac," Garcia said, clambering to his feet. "I might just take you up on that."

"Good. You need some sleep. You look worn out."

"I am. Well, if you don't need anything else hereâ€¦"

"I don't."

"Then I'll go see how Taggert is doing with the paramedics." He frowned. "They were supposed to come over with a body bag," he muttered.

"Taggert went after them?" Mac asked. "Don't expect any action for a while then. People in the department don't tend to take him very seriously."

Garcia shook his head. "No, he went to get the paramedics. Forensics is going to have to have a look at both of these bodies before we can

begin an official investigation. Suicide hasn't been ruled out yet."

"Garcia, I can see this wasn't a suicideâ€|"
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"Doesn't matter, Mac. This is real police workâ€|we have to follow the strictest guidelines. It's nothing like private detective work."

"I know," Mac agreed. "It's a whole lot worse."
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"Hey!" Garcia laughed, the cold feeling from only a few moments ago forgotten. He chuckled softly as he made his way across the frozen ground to the paramedics unit around the other side of the building. As he rounded the corner of the school, he felt eyes on him. Looking around, he saw the source of his discomfort. "What are you doing here?" he asked shortly.

"Investigating."
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"Investigating what? You know this is a private area, Lucy. No one's allowed past that yellow tape but police officers and paramedics."

"Oh, come on, Garcia!" Lucy exclaimed, rushing forward to match his quick pace as he continued past her. "You've got the tape surrounding the whole block! I just wanted to come check things out, see what happened." Her tone darkened dramatically. "You know, I had a bad feeling last night. I told Scott I thought he should keep Serena out of school even after the winter break because of a vision I had. But I can see now that I was a little off. It was the high school that would be hit, and not the elementaryâ€|"

"Lucy!" Garcia was getting more and more irritated with each word.

"What?" Lucy asked in a small voice.

"This is official police business. We had a double murder last night andâ€|"

"Double? I thought it was just Elizabeth Webber who was murdered!"

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"No, we found another bodyâ€|I really shouldn't be telling you this."

"Come on, Garcia," Lucy pleaded. "I was just telling a friend of mineâ€|Lucky Spencerâ€|you know him don't you? I was just telling Lucky yesterday how I felt about Serena and the school and everything and he just looked at me like I was crazy! I want to show him how right I was. I want toâ€|"

"Lucy," Garcia interrupted calmly. He put a restraining hand on her arm. "Lucy, you can't."

"What?"

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"You can't tell him. You can't tell Lucky Spencer anything. He was murdered last night."

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Lucy screamed. Her hand flew up to cover her mouth as her eyes widened in utter horror. "No," she breathed. "Oh no, not Lucky, notâ€|"

"Listen." Garcia's voice was firm, controlled. He led her to a stone bench outside the side entrance to the school. "Sit here for a while. Everything's going to be fine. We have to call Luke and Laura Spencer, to let them know. I don't know how they're going to take it. But everything should be just fine. We want to get these bodies out of here, though."

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"The bodies are still here?"

Taggart came around the corner, his expression grim. "We got the girl taken care of. They're taking her straight to forensics right now. What about the Spencer kid? You get a chance to look at him?"

Garcia's lips pursed as the memory of the face drifted, unwanted, into his mind. "Yeah, I got a good look. They caught him by surprise."

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"Oh yeah?"

"His eyes were open."

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Taggart shuddered, then grinned. "It's eerie when you see 'em like that, isn't it? Looks like they just fell asleep with their eyes open."

Garcia only grunted. "You might want to be careful with him," he called after Taggart as the other detective started back toward Lucky and Mac. "The blood crystallized on the car and in the snow. You might lose some important evidence if you're too rough."

"I'll tell the guys."

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Garcia shrugged, and watched in relief as Taggart left. He looked back to Lucy. She was in a worse state than he had last seen her, her hands curled into tiny fists and driven into her cheeks. "Lucy? Are you alright?"

Lucy shook her head. "Noâ€|I just can't believe it. Do you mind if I go now?" she asked quietly. "I really shouldn't be here anyway. I'll just go home to a nice warm bath, tell Doc that my hunch was rightâ€|" Her voice was distant, far away. Garcia sighed and patted her back gently before setting his sights on the sprawl of stairs and the door waiting at the end.

"You're going?" Lucy asked sharply as he started up the stairs.

"I have to. Get home, Lucy. There's no reason for you to be here."

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Lucy nodded, tears standing in her eyes, and walked slowly away. Garcia waited carefully for her to disappear from his sight before running up the remaining steps. He reached the door quickly, and took a short moment to rest against the doorframe before testing the knob. To his surprise, he found it unlocked.

He opened the door and stepped quickly inside. This was an action he immediately regretted. The school was an inferno. Even as he started down the hall, he felt the warm blasts of air drifting down the hall and, floating with them, the stench of death. He was able to follow the scent of the warm blood through the halls and soon found himself outside Ted Murty's classroom. Bracing himself, he prepared to enter.

"Hey!" he called out, stepping into the room. He received no answer. Glancing around, Garcia saw no other detectives or police in the room. The paramedics and coroner had apparently cleared the room. The only thing remaining was the classroom itself, with its textbooks, desks, and maps and spiders.

Spiders seemed to seep out of every corner of the room. They hung from elaborate webs in all corners, covered the floor in dark, thick groups, and ran down the maps and posters that hung from every wall. Even the window was covered with the tiny creatures. The detective blinked as his vision wavered, split in two, then melted into a single picture again. His heart, still for a seemingly long moment, fluttered again in his chest. The spiders were gone. In their place was blood.

3 " On Death's Breath

Once again, snow fell in Port Charles. The park ground, covered still from the last wee

End
file.